

# THE TRAGEDIE OF HAMLET, Prince of Denmarke.

## Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Barnardo and Francisco two Centinels.



*Barnardo.*  
Ho's there?  
*Fran.* Nay answer me: Stand & vnfold  
your selfe.  
*Bar.* Long liue the King.  
*Fran.* Barnardo?  
*Bar.* He.  
*Fran.* You come most carefully vpon your houre.  
*Bar.* 'Tis now strook twelue, get thee to bed *Francisco*.  
*Fran.* For this releefe much thanks: 'Tis bitter cold,  
And I am sicke at heart.  
*Barn.* Haue you had quiet Guard?  
*Fran.* Not a Mouse stirring.  
*Barn.* Well, goodnight. If you do meet *Horatio* and  
*Marcellus*, the Riuals of my Watch, bid them make hast.  
Enter *Horatio* and *Marcellus*.  
*Fran.* I thinke I heare them. Stand: who's there?  
*Hor.* Friends to this ground.  
*Mar.* And Leige-men to the Dane.  
*Fran.* Giue you good night.  
*Mar.* O farwel honest Soldier, who hath relieu'd you?  
*Fra.* *Barnardo* ha's my place: giue you goodnight.  
Exit *Fran.*

*Mar.* Holla *Barnardo*.  
*Bar.* Say, what is *Horatio* there?  
*Hor.* A peece of him.  
*Bar.* Welcome *Horatio*, welcome good *Marcellus*.  
*Mar.* What, ha's this thing appear'd againe to night.  
*Bar.* I haue seene nothing.  
*Mar.* *Horatio* saies, 'tis but our Fantasie,  
And will not let beleefe take hold of him  
Touching this dreaded sight, twice seene of vs,  
Therefore I haue intreated him along  
With vs, to watch the minutes of this Night,  
That if againe this Apparition come,  
He may approue our eyes, and speake to it.  
*Hor.* Tush, tush, 'twill not appeare.  
*Bar.* Sit downe a while,  
And let vs once againe assaile your eares,  
That are so fortified against our Story,  
What we two Nights haue seene.  
*Hor.* Well, sit we downe,  
And let vs heare *Barnardo* speake of this.  
*Barn.* Last night of all,  
When yond same Starre that's Westward from the Pole  
Had made his course t'illuminate that part of Heauen

Where now it burnes, *Marcellus* and my selfe,  
The Bell then beating one.

*Mar.* Peace, breake thee of: Enter the Ghost.  
Looke where it comes againe.

*Barn.* In the same figure, like the King that's dead.  
*Mar.* Thou art a Scholler; speake to it *Horatio*.  
*Barn.* Lookes it not like the King? Marke it *Horatio*.  
*Hor.* Most like: It harrowes me with fear & wonder.  
*Barn.* It would be spoke too.  
*Mar.* Question it *Horatio*.  
*Hor.* What art thou that vsurp'st this time of night,  
Together with that Faire and Warlike forme  
In which the Maiesty of buried Denmarke  
Did sometimes march: By Heauen I charge thee speake.  
*Mar.* It is offended.  
*Barn.* See, it stalkes away.  
*Hor.* Stay: speake; speake: I Charge thee, speake.  
Exit the Ghost.

*Mar.* 'Tis gone, and will not answer.  
*Barn.* How now *Horatio*? You tremble & look pale:  
Is not this something more then Fantasie?  
What thinke you on't?  
*Hor.* Before my God, I might not this beleefe  
Without the sensible and true aouch  
Of mine owne eyes.  
*Mar.* Is it not like the King?  
*Hor.* As thou art to thy selfe,  
Such was the very Armour he had on,  
When th' Ambitious Norway combatted:  
So frown'd he once, when in an angry parle  
He smot the fledged Pollax on the Ice.  
'Tis strange.

*Mar.* Thus twice before, and iust at this dead houre,  
With Martiall stalke, hath he gone by our Watch.  
*Hor.* In what particular thought to work, I know not:  
But in the grosse and scope of my Opinion,  
This boades some strange eruption to our State.  
*Mar.* Good now sit downe, & tell me he that knowes  
Why this same strict and most obseruant Watch,  
So nightly toyles the subiect of the Land,  
And why such dayly Cast of Brazon Cannon  
And Forraigne Mart for Implements of warre:  
Why such impresse of Ship-wrights, whose sore Taske  
Do's not diuide the Sunday from the weeke,  
What might be toward, that this sweetly hast  
Doth make the Night ioynt-Labourer with the day:  
Who is't that can informe me?

*Hor.* That can I,

## The Tragedie of Hamlet

At least the whisper goes so: Our last King,  
Whose Image euen but now appear'd to vs,  
Was (as you know) by *Fortinbras* of Norway,  
(Thereto prick'd on by a most emulate Pride)  
Dar'd to the Combate. In which, our Valiant *Hamlet*,  
(For so this side of our knowne world esteem'd him)  
Did slay this *Fortinbras*: who by a Seal'd Compact,  
Well ratified by Law, and Heraldrie,  
Did forfeite (with his life) all those his Lands  
Which he stood seiz'd on, to the Conqueror:  
Against the which, a Moity competent  
Was gaged by our King: which had return'd  
To the Inheritance of *Fortinbras*,  
Had he bin Vanquisher, as by the same Cou'nant  
And carriage of the Article designe,  
His fell to *Hamlet*. Now fir, young *Fortinbras*,  
Of vnimproued Mettle, hot and full,  
Hath in the skirts of Norway, heere and there,  
Shark'd vp a List of Landleesse Resolutes,  
For Food and Diet, to some Enterprize  
That hath a stomacke in't: which is no other  
(And it doth well appeare vnto our State)  
But to recouer of vs by strong hand  
And termes Compulsatiue, those foresaid Lands  
Soby his Father lost: and this (I take it)  
Is the maine Motiue of our Preparations,  
The Sourfe of this our Watch, and the cheefe head  
Of this post-hast, and Romage in the Land.

Enter Ghost againe.  
But soft, behold: *Loe*, where it comes againe:  
Ile crosse it, though it blast me. Stay Illusion:  
If thou hast any sound, or vse of Voyce,  
Speake to me. If there be any good thing to be done,  
That may to thee do ease, and grace to me; speake to me.  
If thou art priuy to thy Countries Fate  
(Which happily foreknowing may auoyd) Oh speake.  
Or, if thou hast vp-hoorded in thy life  
Extorted Treasure in the wombe of Earth,  
(For which, they say, you Spirits oft walke in death)  
Speake of it. Stay, and speake. Stop it *Marcellus*.  
*Mar.* Shall I strike at it with my Partizan?  
*Hor.* Do, if it will not stand.  
*Barn.* 'Tis heere.  
*Hor.* 'Tis heere.  
*Mar.* 'Tis gone.

Exit Ghost.  
We do it wrong, being so Maiesticall  
To offer it the shew of Violence,  
For it is as the Ayre, invulnerable,  
And our vaine blowes, malicious Mockery.

*Barn.* It was about to speake, when the Cocke crew.  
*Hor.* And then it started, like a guilty thing  
Vpon a fearfull Summons. I haue heard,  
The Cocke that is the Trumpet to the day,  
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding Throate  
Awake the God of Day: and at his warning,  
Whether in Sea, or Fire, in Earth, or Ayre,  
Th'extrauagant, and erring Spirit, hies  
To his Confinde. And of the truth heerein,  
This present Obiect made probation.

*Mar.* It faded on the crowing of the Cocke.  
Some sayes, that cuer 'gainst that Season comes  
Wherein our Sauours Birth is celebrated,  
The Bird of Dawning singeth all night long:  
And then (they say) no Spirit can walke abroad,  
The nights are wholsome, then no Planets strike,  
No Faery talke, nor Witch hath power to Charme: